THE FRANKFORT ROUNDABOUT.

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Bound For Manila.

To the Roundabout:

Our battalion, stationed at Fort Crook, received orders to proceed to San Francisco, there to be joined by the two battalions stationed at Jefferson Barracks and Leavenworth, and to so measure our time and distance as to meet at that point on the 29th of May.

Our battalion left Fork Cook in two sections on the 24th, giving us five days to make the two thousand miles of overland travel. The others put in their appearance promptly, and we marched from the Oakland Ferry to pier No. 12, at the foot of Folsom street, where the U. S. transport "Grant" lay at anchor. The taking on of coal and supplies and equipments required more time than was at first calculated upon, and we did not leave our pier as soon as was expected, but remained over until the next day. This delay, however, did not work any hardships, as it gave us a good opportunity to get a sight of Chinatown and a few other points of interest in San Francisco.

The next day—"Decoration Day"—at half-past four p. m. we drew in the hawsers that bound this magnificent vessel (a sister ship to the ill-fated "Mohican," wrecked a few months since off the Lizzard) to her anchorage, and, amid the din of bands, whistles and cheers from the crowds assembled along the wharves, we turned our bow towards the Golden Gate—the entrance to one of the most excellent harbors along any coast. Every one seemed, or tried to appear, cheerful, but I knew full well that my own was not the only heart on that vessel that was aching and throbbing as it had never done before. I scarcely realized what it meant to leave one's own native land, and those whose lives are dearer to him than his own life's blood.

Safely out of the harbor we saw a small sloop-rigged yacht standing off our starboard bow. This we knew to be the boat that was to take off the pilot who brings all large vessels safely out into the ocean and past all danger from shoals and rocks.

This added more gloom, for now we were in the hands of officers and crew, who, like ourselves, were making this trip for the first time, and whatever fate their inexperience might bring, it was likewise ours as well as theirs.

Standing on deck and looking at the shores of our native land fade in the distance, as the sun sets over the hills that gird its shores, the mist deepening, the sullen sound of the crested waves, as they seem to try to impede the progress of any intruder, the thought of loved ones, of the hazardous undertaking ahead are calculated, singly, to drown all mirth, but, when these are collectively forced upon one, at one and the same time, the feeling that follows is overwhelming. However brave a man may be, however strongly he may feel his own importance, if he comes to realize what a small speck in the world's makeup he really is, I know of no better way of demonstrating how insignificant individual humanity is than by subjecting him to this experience.

Those who grow up surrounded by a small sphere in life, imbued with their own greatness, those who govern imperially their own microcosm, would learn to lean on others, and give to every force, whether human or mechanical, its proper share of respect, rather than appropriate the whole, if they could go through this same category. But, strange as it may seem, one regards life last of all, and it matters not to him whether on his return trip he occupied the Captain's quarters or cold storage, provided by the Quartermaster for unfortunates who sacrifice their lives, not always to country, but often to satisfy the morbid love of curiosity and travel.

The bete noir of ocean travel is, as all who have tried it will testify, that miserable misunderstanding one invariably has with his stomach. It defies drugs, scorns persuasion and laughs with nauseating derision at its luckless victims, whose name is legion. I am proud to say I never missed eating a meal, but equally regretful of the fact that I never kept one down long enough to derive any benefit from it, for what seemed to me to be a month, but in reality proved to be only two days. During this time I sought religiously the seclusion that a cabin grants. Since recovery sat in I have felt the better for the overhauling I was forced to go through with.

There is a ridiculous side to everything. One night, soon after starting on our long voyage, some one in the crowd asked if the moon was up. A luckless individual, who had involuntarily donated all his rations to the fishes, very dryly and feelingly replied, "if I swallowed it, it is."

The same daily routine was gone through with each day—the same trackless expanse of water—the same splash of the waves—the same rigor of the ship as she plows her iron sides through the hissing brine, until the monotony is marked with only a sea gull or flying-fish to attract one's attention from his novel or his duties.

After having lived through seven days of this get-up-in-the-morning-and-go-to bed-at-night business, our eyes were made glad by the sight of land—the Hawaiian Islands, distant about 2,200 miles south by west from San Francisco.

Never before had I, in any way, appreciated how dear this sight must have been to those ancient marines who, for weeks and months, sailed on—God alone knew where—no wonder their first act was that of prayer, it mattered not to them whether it was to Neptune or to God, who had safely guided them to harbor. To their untutored minds the effect was the same—they realized that it was not to their own weak and human actions that guided them safely over an ocean hitherto unmarked by any keel.

The first appearance that greets one through a pair of binoculars, as he raises them to his eyes to view these islands, is that of a rough, mountainous country, volcanic in origin, and little does he dream that in the valleys and along the rivers beyond grow the finest fruits, the loveliest flowers that ever ripened or blossomed for the use of pleasure of mankind. Why our political fathers hesitated one moment when it was in their power to annex this wonderfully strategic and productive group of islands is beyond my conception, unless it was in their case, like that of many other of our citizens, a total ignorance of their worth. On the other hand, is there any wonder that the ill-starved Lilioukalani (pronounced Lil-ee-wo-ka-law-ny) held to her rightful possessions with a tenacity second only to that of life, surrounded as she was by a confiding people, a productive soil and a balmy climate.

These islands were first discovered by Captain Cook, of the English navy, in 1778, who had just turned back from the Behring Straits, after an unsuccessful attempt to find the north passage. He named them the Sandwich Islands, in honor of Lord Sandwich, the English First Lord of the Admiralty. He twice visited these islands, the second time losing his life in a manner yet unsatisfactorily explained.

The group contain 8 in number, ranging in size and name as follows: Hawaii, Oahu, Maui, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Nihau and Kahulani. Their aggregate area contains about 5,000 square miles. The chief city of the group is Honolulu, and permit me to remark, in passing, that the most beautiful spot it has been my pleasure, so far in life to see, is this same far distant city of Honolulu. Newport, Rhode Island, with the lavish expenditure of millions, has made it a place of wonderful beauty, but here, in this gem of a city, nature seemed to unbosom herself and spill to earth the choicest plants, fruits, flowers and climate that the craving disposition of man could wish for. It has a population of 30,000, composed of natives, Japanese, Chinese, Portugese, Americans and English. It has all the modern conveniences that go to make a place habitable, or rather more than comfortable, such, for instance, as well paved thoroughfares, electric lights, street railway, fire department, well organized police, etc.

The natives are copper colored and somewhat in general appearance like our North American Indians. They are above the average size, the women being as fine specimens of the fair sex as it is possible to find. While they are not so lithe and delicately turned as their sisters in the States, they are far better developed. All of large size, with large waists and enormous development of bust, showing unhampered growth from childhood. They are very intelligent, kind, industrious and sober, and I was told that, prior to a few years since, they did not know the meaning of drunkenness or immorality—this followed so-called civilization. During our short stay here I did not see a single case of intoxication, except in our own men, nor a beggar.

As we came into the harbor, feeling our way through the narrow channel that leads to the docks, we saw a number of the native boys dive from the pier and start for the vessel. None of them were over ten or twelve years of age. They seemed as much at home in the water as on land, and can remain in water for half a day at a time without showing the least bit of fatigue. They came alongside, and, for our amusement and their gain, would dive for pennies thrown overboard into the ocean, and to our amazement never came up again without a broad grin on their sun-burnt faces and the object of their descent in their hands.

They had not the least fear of the sharks that infest these waters, although at times they have been killed by them.

The day following our arrival we were driven to the points of interest in and around the city and shown the most marked attention by our newly-made brothers. We saw the Punchbowl—the remains of a once active volcano; the famous Spreckles sugar plantation, the shares of which sell for $650 each; the native nuts made from grass; banana groves; the museum, containing all the former war implements and dress of the chiefs; the table upon which King Kalakana is said to have lost one of his best islands in a game of poker with an American naval officer; the royal palace, with the remaining evidences of its former splendor, and its yet inspiring and magnificent grounds; and last, but, for beauty, by no means least attractive point of interest, was Waukakaii Beach, which is said by travelers to be one of the most delightful for surf bathing in the world.

Here we witnessed a very interesting and, to those who tried it, a very thrilling experience, that of surf boating. A long, narrow boat, about 20 feet in length by 2½ feet in width, is rowed, by a native oarsman, conveying his guests (25 cents a head) out to a distance of a mile or more from shore to meet an incoming white capped wave. The rear end of the boat is very dextrously placed on the crest of this swell and so kept there that the wave gives to the boat a truly remarkable speed, carrying it towards shore with dangerous rapidity. However little you may care for a ducking, you are nevertheless, constantly expecting to be thrown out and to have the unpleasant task of paddling yourself all the way into shore, although you may have been foolish enough to pay for your ride in advance. We took several trips, and, thanks to the skill of our pilot, we were never upset. This is done on a smaller scale by the native boys, who swim out as far as they care to go, carrying with them a plank made for this purpose, and then, suddenly wheeling and kicking at a furious rate to get started, they ride the surf with a grace and ease that is known only to them. Many of our party tried this only to be turned head over heels and thrown around in promiscous manner by these non-respectors of persons.

While standing on the lookout tower, on top of the royal palace, I heard in the distance the strains of the sweetest sacred music I ever listened to. I asked the gentleman who had kindly taken us to this inspiring point of observation what it meant, and he replied, "It is a Portugese funeral procession." It was then half past six in the evening and I was curious to know why the time for such a sad function was postponed until so late in the day. It was to avoid the heat of midday and to permit those of the laboring classes who cared to do so to attend.

By the time this explanation was gone through with I saw in the distance the pure white uniforms of the band men, as they approached to the slow march time of "Nearer My God to Thee." There were no fewer than forty reed and brass instruments in play, and to one who had never before heard sacred music so played, had not witnessed the sad procession under martial music, the effect was awe-inspiring. Then came the hearse, draped in black, the horses (beautiful blacks from Kentucky), societies of which the deceased was a member, all in uniform, the chief stewards of the town, the family and friends of the dead, and bringing up the rear was another band, dressed, as was the first, in pure white, with all reed instruments playing slowly that sweet sacred hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." It was, to me, sacred, lovely, sad.

One custom they have far in advance of ours, they do not deposit the remains of their sacred dead and then have a horse-race to see who can reach home first.

After coaling for a journey of over 5,000 miles that was to follow, taking on supplies that were needed and bidding farewell to our newly-made friends, we turned our bow seaward again, all the while wondering how many of those 1,800 souls on board would live to greet this lovely spot once more. Who knows?

W. H. DADE.

[To be continued.]

Obituary.

Our community was greatly grieved to hear of the death of Miss Mary Runyan Thomason, which occurred at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Ed. Johnston, in West Salem, Va., July 20, 1899. She was the daughter of Mr. D. A. Thomason, who was well known here, previous to his removal to Virginia. Her father and two sisters, Mrs. J. E. Johnston and Miss Louise, of Salem, one sister, Mrs. N. A. Vaughn, of Franklin county, Ky., and one brother, Mr. J. S. Thomason, of Kentucky, survive her.

She was sorely afflicted, having had a paralytic stroke about five years ago which left her blind and entirely helpless; but she bore her trials meekly and cheerfully.

She moved to Virginia two years ago with the hope of improving her health, but human skill and loving kindness could not avert that "fell destroyer"—Death. Just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon her spirit "winged its flight" to that better land where there is neither pain nor death.

She was 29 years old and had been a consistent member of Cedar Chapel M. E. Church from early childhood. Surely, "Death loveth a shining mark," for to know Mary Runyan was to love her.

The funeral service was held at the Salem church, by Rev. W. H. H. Joyce, and as the sun was sinking in the west that dear body was consigned to "mother earth" in the Rose Hill cemetery, of Salem.

She spoke of death as a sweet relief to her pain-racked body, but no murmur passed her lips that her fate was hard to bear; and she longed for the time when her loved ones should follow her to that bright eternal home.

Weep not dear friends, for we know that our loss is her eternal gain.

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